[Vol. 1.] THE [No. 4.]

WEEKLY VISITANT.

"Be thou the first *our efforts* to befriend;
"His praise is lost who stays till all commend."

SALEM—SATURDAY EVENING, JANUARY 25, 1806.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

FOR THE WEEKLY VISITANT.

ON FRIENDSHIP.

MEN first associated for mutual advantage. The inconveniences and wants to which their situation exposed them, and their inability to supply and remedy them by individual exertion, at length compelled them to unite their efforts to remove the obstacles, which on all sides invested them. Thus were the parts of the great machine of society first put together; but the internal principle, by which it was to operate, still continued dormant. As soon, however, as the first impulse was given, it rose at once in the vigor of maturity; communicated its energy to every part of the frame; and diffused life and motion through the whole constitution.

Its effects were no less important, when society had attained its highest degree of perfection. It then conduced to preserve mankind in the state to which it had brought them. The various objects, that civilized life presented to man, were continually rousing the passions of his heart, and calling into action the powers of his mind. Hence the relations of life were infinitely multiplied; opposition of interest was created by diversity of pursuit; and the fabric of society was in danger of being convulsed to its base, by the collision of contending interests and passions. Hence the necessity of some assimilating principle that would reconcile these opposite natures, and preserve the harmony and consistency of the whole system. For this great end was benevolence ingrafted on every breast; and hence the various forms it assumes in private life.

If we descend and view its operations in a limited sphere, we shall find, that though less important, it becomes more interesting.

The solar beam, that quickens and illumines the remotest borders of the universe, is scarcely heeded but when its rays converge to produce some partial effect.

To alleviate the sorrows, to multiply the joys, and to fill up the dull vacuities of life, are the amiable offices of friendship. Joy without it were a transient sensation, that would flutter for a moment round the heart, and then be gone forever. Its etherial and elastic nature would be smothered by confinement, were there no kindred spirit, into which it might be transfused. Pain and sorrow would approach with confidence, when only one devoted head were reared up against their vengeance, and Death would assume its most awful terrors to the desolate being, who had no friend to support him.

To descant on the advantages of friendship, where every one feels them, is unnecessary and useless. The most abandoned wretch, who has not extinguished the divine spark in his bosom, is not yet without virtue; but black as hell is the heart that was never illumined by its ray.

AMATOR.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE VISITANT.

SIR,

I have been generally much pleased with the contents of your paper; and from the two first numbers I was led to suppose, that you would not meddle with the concerns of the empire of fashion. I was, therefore, much disappointed at seeing in the Weekly Visitant for Saturday last, what you are pleased to call "seasonable hints to the ladies." My disappointment, however, was not what occasioned me the greatest uneasiness; for my mother, who is a very careful, old-fashioned woman, got a sight of your "hints," and instantly began to "improve upon them," as she termed it; and I have actually been obliged to put on a large quantity of flannel, to prevent her from being outrageous.

You say, that "foreigners remark, that the ladies of America lose their bloom, and impair their vivacity at a very early age." I am astonished, that you should pay one moment's attention to the ill natured remarks of foreigners; for this is only one, among a great many others, which they are continually making respecting the inhabitants of America, their habits, manners and customs. Did you think, that by raising in us suspicions that our beauty would fade, some time or other, that we should, by piling on woolens and furs, make us look frightful at the present time? If you did, you will find yourself mistaken; for you must know, that all our sex are not so figety and splenetic as my mother; and I shall soon reduce my dress to its former standard, notwithstanding her whims.

If you do not wish to incur the displeasure of all young ladies, you will in future be more cautious how you give out your "hints" of this kind.

LÆTITIA MODISH.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Tableun, of the United States of North America, in a series of Letters, written from the year 1793 *to* 1806.

The intention of the author, is neither to recommend himself to public notice, nor to obtain remuneration, from the publication of this work. His only object is by paying respect to truth, to give a correct idea to all persons in the world, who may contemplate emigrating to America, of the resources, advantages and state of things they will find, on their arrvial in that country, resulting from the constitution and the laws of each State; the attributes of the lands and the climate; the commerce, mechanic arts and common labor; the mode of living, manners and habits of the different classes of people in general.

Considering that an emigrant unqualified for this country offers no advantages to its inhabitants by removing among them; but, on the contrary, becomes generally, troublesome. Admitting also, that, from a diversity of taste and opinion in man, that country will be agreeable to one who will appear quite the reverse to another; it is evident that, provided the above work exhibits a faithful tableun of the United States, it cannot fail being generally useful to the Americans and the Europeans: and, it is its usefulness, that prevails on the author to publish it, in concurrence with the wishes of his friends.

In order not to claim to himself the exclusive merit of a work of such public advantage, the author invites all persons who have the power and inclination to add to the stock of materials he has been collecting these twelve years, for improving his Tableun, to transmit to him any remarks, anecdotes and observations, either Historical, Philosophical, Moral or Political, they may think of a nature to increase its utility—any such communication, tending to support and raise the character of the United States, and their inhabitants, will be particularly agreeable to the author.—And it must be understood, that no detail of circumstances, nor recital of anecdotes alluding in any degree, to the conduct of any private or public character, can obtain admission, unless extracted from authentic documents, or supported by affidavits of persons of unquestionable veracity.

No party spirit shall influence the author, nor prejudice bias his judgement: he esteems individuals more from their views, than from their measures, since all men can mean well but cannot always do right—*errare humanum est.*

All Letters and Packages, forwarded to the above invitation, ought to be directed, (postage free) to E. LUCET, New York, (who is agent for the author.)

Our country deserves congratulation on the rapid advacement of its literary character. Authors are becoming more frequent in the United States; and what is more important, they are growing better prepared for the tasks they undertake, and are acquiring a more extended and ample reputation. Among this class, a strking instance may be given in the work of Samuel Miller, D. D. entitled "A brief retrospect of the 18th century." This performance has been extolled ever since its publication in Newyork, for the comprehensive and learned survey it contains of the discoveries in science and the progress of literature in the civilized world during the last hundred years. So

respectable was that publication considered by the ablest critical examiners, that is was ranked among the ablest and best the United States had afforded on similar subjects. Nor has its fame been limited to the erudite and judicious author's own country. It has attracted the attention of the European world, and has been republished in London. The British editor, Mr. Johnson, of St. Paul's Church Yard, has distributed the contents of the two octavo volumes of the American edition into *three* handsome ones of the British copy. The publication there was made in July last, and sets of it have been received already in America. While we express our satisfaction with the fair and increasing reputation of its reverend author, and the wide circulation of his instructive writings, we cannot forbear to antcipate the pleasure, which will in the course of a few years be derived from "*The History of New York*," in which his able and impartial pen is engaged. *National Intel.*

MISCELLANY.

THIRST.

From Park's Travels in the Interior of Africa.

I pushed on as fast as possible, in hopes of reaching some watering place in the course of the night. My thirst was by this time become insufferable; my mouth was parched and inflamed; a sudden dimness would frequently come over my eyes, with other symptoms of fainting; and my horse being very much fatigued, I began seriously to apprehend that I should perish of thirst. To relieve the burning pain in my mouth and throat, I chewed the leaves of different shrubs, but found them all bitter and of no service to me.

A little before sunset, having reached the top of a gentle rising, I climed a high tree, from the topmost branches of which I cast a melanchly look over the barren wilderness, but without discovering the most distant trace of a human dwelling. The same dismal uniformity of shrubs and sand every where presented itself, and the horizon was as level and uninterrupted as that of the sea.

Descending from the tree, I found my horse devouring the stuble and brush-wood with great avidity; and as I was now too faint to attempt walking, and my horse too much fatigued to carry me, I thought it but an act of humanity, and perhaps the last I should ever have it in my power to perform, to take off his bridle and let him shift for himself: in doing which I was suddenly affected with sickness, and giddiness, and falling upon the sand, felt as if the hour of death was fast approaching. Here then, thought I, after a short but ineffectual struggle, terminate all my hopes of being useful in my day and generation; here must the short span of my life come to an end.—I cast (as I believed) a last look on the surrounding scene, and whilst I reflected on the awful change that was about to take place, this world with its enjoyments seemed to vanish from my recollection. Nature however, at length resumed its functions; and on recovering my senses, I found myself stretched upon the sand with the bridle still in my hand, and the sun just sinking behind the trees. I now summoned all my resolution, and determined to make another effort to prolong my existence. And as the evening was somewhat cool, I resolved to travel as far as my limbs would carry me, in hopes of reaching (my only resource) a watering place. With this view I put the bridle on my horse, and driving him before me, went slowly along for about an hour,

when I perceived some lightning from the north east; a most delightful sight, for it promised rain. The darkness and lightning encreased very rapidly; and in less than an hour I heard the wind roaring among the bushes. I had already opened my mouth to receive the refreshing drops which I expected, but I was instantly covered with a cloud of sand driven with such force by the wind as to give a very disagreeable sensation to my face and arms, and I was obliged to mount my horse and stop under a bush, to prevent being suffocated. The sand continued to fly in amazing quantities for near an hour, after which I again set forward, and travelled with difficulty until ten o'clock. About this time I was agreeably surprised by some very vivid flashes of lightning followed by a few heavy drops of rain. In a little time the sand ceased to fly, and I alighted, and spread out all my clean cloathes to collect the rain, which at length I saw would certainly fall.—For more than an hour it rained plentifully, and I quenched my thirst, by wringing and sucking my clothes.

THE WEATHER MORALLY CONSIDERED.

The mutability of the weather is an exact and striking emblem of the transitory nature of all sublunary enjoyments. The necessity of providing for ourselves clothes and shelter, of improving the advantages of summer to provide for the wants and guard against the inclemency of winter, strongly remind us of the necessity of providing for futurity, whilst we have the means. The return of Spring, the tranquil pleasure it affords to an innocent and contemplative mind, the striking contrast between that and the season which precedes it, happily lead us to anticipate the pleasures of futu rity, which will succeed the trouble, the anxiety, and the sorrow of the present life. When we behold serenity and sunshine invariably return after the most violent tempests, we ought to hope with confidence, that however dark and dismal, and trying, the present hour may seem, comfort and alleviation are not far distant.—When we observe storms and tempests overwhelming, without discrimination, the innocent and the vicious, the just and the unjust, this furnishes a powerful argument to convince us that the wise and perfect plan of the Deity requires a future state of retribution, where each shall be adjudged according to his merits, where the good shall be amply compensated for all the sorrow they have endured in this life, and the wicked punished for all the fallacious pleasures in which they have indulged.

LIGHT ARTICLES.

A young Frenchman, son to a merchant in Paris, has lately published the memoirs of his life, which begin in the following curious manner—"I am the son of Pierre Bertrand & Co."

EQUANIMITY.—During a siege, a water-carrier was going about, crying water, three pence a bucket. A bomb fell and swept away one of his buckets—six pence a bucket, cried he; and went on.

Some years ago, the mayor of a capital English city published a proclamation and advertisement, previous to the races, "that no *gentleman* would be allowed to ride on the course, *but the horses* that are to run."

A coroner's jury having sat on the body of a young lady, who had hung herself in a fit of love phrenzy, brought in their verdict—"died by the visitation of Cupid."

An Irish orator was silenced with an inextinguishable laughter, merely for saying, "I am sorry to *hear* my honorable friend stand *mute*.

POETRY.

[ORIGINAL.]

FOR THE VISITANT.

THE STREAM BY MOONLIGHT.

A murmuring stream invites repose,
Upon its flowery site,
While joyful moonlight on it flows,
And sparkles with delight.
It brightens, it lightens,
It hastes so full and strong;
And wanders and meanders,
The flowery banks along.

O, youth thou art a pleasing dream,
Gliding swiftly as the stream,
And shadowy as the night;
Enchanting scenes and tranquil joys,
And slumbering, with sweet music's voice,
And rosy love so bright.
But soon will the moon fill,
And shew her brightest face,
Then deceive us and leave us
With a quickened pace.

CORYDON.

[SELECTED.]

FROM MOORE'S ANACREON.

ODE XXI.

Observe when mother earth is dry,
She drinks the droppings of the sky,
And then the dewy cordial gives
To every thirsty plant that lives.
The vapours which at evening creep
Are beverage to the swelling deep;
And when the rosy sun appears,
He drinks the ocean's misty tears.
The moon too quaffs her paly stream
Of lustre, from the solar beam.
Then, hence with all your sober thinking,
Since Nature's holy law is drinking;
I'll make the laws of nature mine,
And pledge the universe in wine.

EPIGRAM.

Aspasia's cheeks, in *vermeil* drest,
With tender love my heart inspir'd;
My lips her beauteous roses press'd,
And *took off* all that I admir'd.

THE UNFORTUNATE FAIR.

BY SOUTHEY.

Hard by the road, where on that little mound,
The high grass rustles to the passing breeze,
The child of misery rests her head in peace.
Pause there in sadness. That unhallowed ground
Inshrines what once was Isabel. Sleep on,
Sleep on, poor outcast! Lovely was thy cheek,
And thy mild eye was eloquent to speak
The soul of pity. Pale, and woe begone,
Soon did thy fair cheek fade, and thine eye weep
The tear of anguish for the babe unborn,
The helpless heir of poverty and scorn.
She drank the draft that chill'd her soul to sleep.
I pause, and wipe the big drop from mine eye,
Whilst the proud Levite scowls, and passes by.

FROM ARIOSTO.

The youth who pants to gain the amorous prize,
Forgets that heaven, with all discerning eyes,
Surveys the secret heart; and when Desire
Has, in possession, quench'd its short liv'd fire,
The devious winds aside each promise bear,
And scatter all his solemn vows in air!
Warn'd by the muse's voice, with cautious ear,
The well feigned plaints and seeming sorrows hear!
Reflect, ye gentle dames, that much they know,
Who gain experience from another's woe.
Ah! fly the dangerous train, whose looks disclose
The flowery bloom that early youth bestows;
Where each warm passion bursts with sudden blaze,
Which soon again, like stubble fir'd, decays.

DETACHED EXTRACTS.

FAMALE PIETY.—Piety communicates a divine lustre to the female mind. Wit and beauty, like the flowers of the field, may flourish and charm for the season; but let it be remembered, that, like the flowers of the field, those gifts are frail and fading; age will nip the bloom of beauty—sickness and misfortune will stop the current of wit and humor—in these gloomy seasons, piety will support the drooping soul, like a refreshing dew upon the parched earth.

A truely good mind may be known by its charity and candor; it remembers that "to punish human errors is the province of Heaven;" and that, where candor cannot excuse, humanity drops a tear over human weakness.

THE BIBLE.—I have regularly and attentively read the Holy Scriptures, and am of opinion, that this volume, independently of its divine origin, contains more sublimity and beauty, more pure morality, more important history, and finer strains of poetry and eloquence, than can be collected from all other books, in whatever age or language they may have been composed.

Sir Wm. Jones.

Sorrow is like the deaf adder, that "hears not the voice of the charmer, charm he never so wisely."

Jealousy is a noxious creeper, which, whenever it is suffered to entwine around true affection, retards its growth, blasts its blossoms, and corrodes its fruit. It may be transplanted into more generous ground, but it sprouts *spontaneously* in a *barren* soil.

There are situations which may render it necessary for us to conceal our real sentiments; but nothing except the vilest degeneracy, can make us capable of expressing a regard we do not feel.

Content dwells not amongst the sons of men; but, as Solomon says, "All is vanity and vexation of spirit." Were any favored individual blessed with Sampson's hair, Milo's strength, Scanderbeg's arm, Solomon's wisdom, Absalom's beauty, Crœsus's wealth, Cæsar's valor, Alexander's spirit, Cicero's eloquence, Gyges' ring, Perseus' Pegasus, Gorgon's head, and Nestor's years, he would not be content:

For while in heaps his ample wealth ascends,
He is not of his wish possessed;
There's something wanting still to make him blessed.

To think well of every other man's condition, and to dislike our own, is one of the misfortunes of human nature.

"Pleas'd with each other's lot, our own we hate."

Solitude, which so frequently excites the querulousness of genius, is a severe mother who forms a lovely progeny; what in the great world had only been a momentary amusement, there becomes a permanent occupation.—Sweet is the uninterrupted industry of genius, magical its contracted day, and delicious that inebriation of taste which becomes an absorbing passion.

Reconciliation is the tenderest part either of friendship or of love; the latter more especially, in which the soul is more remarkably softened. Were a person to make use of art in procuring the affection of his mistress, it were, perhaps, his most effectual method to contrive a slight estrangement, and then, as it were, imperceptibly, bring on a reconciliation. The soul here discovers a kind of elasticity; and, being forced back, returns with an additional violence.

Bad company lays the foundation of every thing that can deprave the heart, or disgrace the man.

Beauty, like truth, is the most splendid when least encumbered.

ANECDOTES.

A Student of the Law having applied for admission to practice in a court, the Judges appointed two respectable Counsellors to examine him, one of whom was a man of more humor, and less abilities than the other, and was the oldest at the bar. The youth of course waited on him first. The old gentleman addressing him as was his manner, ore rotundo, said, "Pray, sir, if a client were to apply to you to commence a suit for him, what is the first thing you ought to do?" "To receive my fee, sir," replied the youth, keeping a steady countenance. "Very well, Mr. ——, very well," replied the counsellor, "I see you have a good knowledge of the practice, you may now go to brother ——," naming the other Counsellor, "and he will examine you touching the weightier matters of the law."

When Doctor Franklin was in England, last, walking on Ludgate Hill with his spectacles on, he accidentally jostled a porter heavily laden. The fellow, irritated at what he supposed an insult, immediately turned round, and in the peevishness of resentment, exclaimed, "Damn your spectacles!" Thank you, my friend, (replied the Doctor) it is not the first time my spectacles have saved my eyes."

A few days ago, as a sailor was travelling on the great road near Brotherton, a hare made an attempt to cross the road, but was so confounded by two carriages at the same time passing, that she ran so near the sailor as enabled him to knock her down, which having done, he put it in his handkerchief, and travelled on; and soon after met with an honorable baronet, particularly tenacious in the preservation of his game, who immediately called out to the sailor, "I say man, is that your own *hare?*" and upon receiving no answer, the same question was twice repeated: at last the tar vociferated:—"D—n your eyes, you lubber, do you suppose I wear a *wig?*"

NO NEWS!

The southern mail, due yesterday morning, this forenoon "came tiring on, and brought no news."

MARRIAGES.

In Danvers, Mr. Samuel Flint, to Miss Rebecca Read. In Boxford, Capt. Ezra Smith, of Beverly, to Miss Betsey Gould. At Beverly, Daniel Rogers, esq. to Miss Phebe Homan. At Newburyport, Mr. John Norman, to Miss Hannah Cash.

In this town, Mr. Isaac Needham, to Mrs. Sarah Kennedy. Mr. William Foye, to Miss Hannah Chapleigh.

DEATHS.

At Reading, Hay Nichols, esq. aged 37. A worthy member of society.

In this town, Mr. Seth Ring, brass-founder.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Amator," may always be sure of a prompt insertion in the Visitant of the productions of his pen.

"The Contrast," is not in consent with the plan of the Visitant.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

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